Frazetta

8/18

FRANK FRAZETTA

THE LIVING LEGEND

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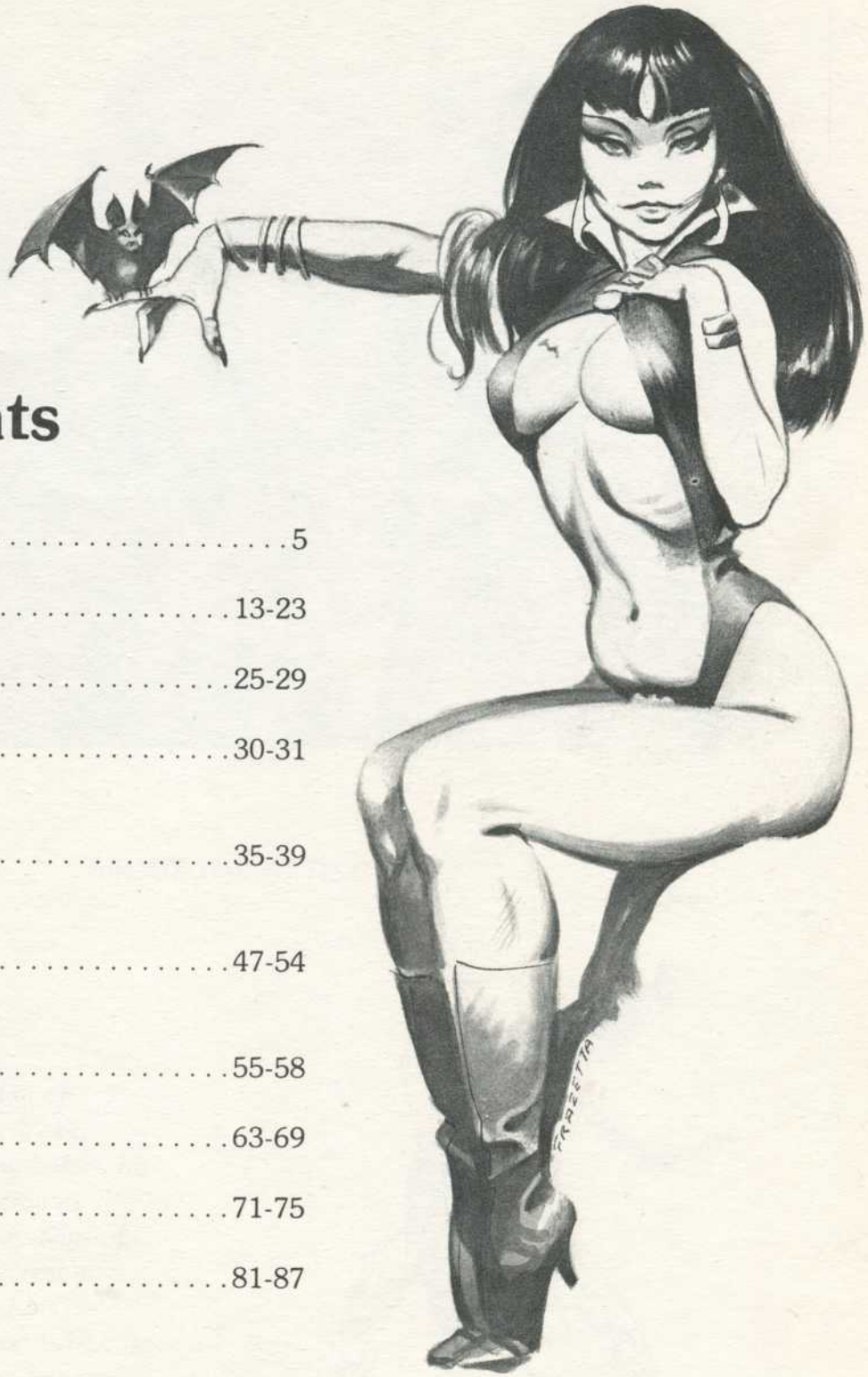

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FRANK FRAZETTA THE LIVING LEGEND

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ABOUT THE ARTIST

Frank Frazetta, born on the 9th day of February, 1928 in Brooklyn, New York, discovered the wonders of drawing before he was three, when he sold his first crayon drawing to Grandma — for the tidy sum of one penny. It was through her interest and encouragement, that he continued his drawings through those early years. When he hit kindergarten, his teachers were astounded that here was a child only 5½ drawing better than ten-year-olds. Throughout Elementary School, Frazetta created comic books with the main character a snowman and an array of assorted characters.

(Continued on page 6)

Frank at age 1½ with his puppy, "Rex."

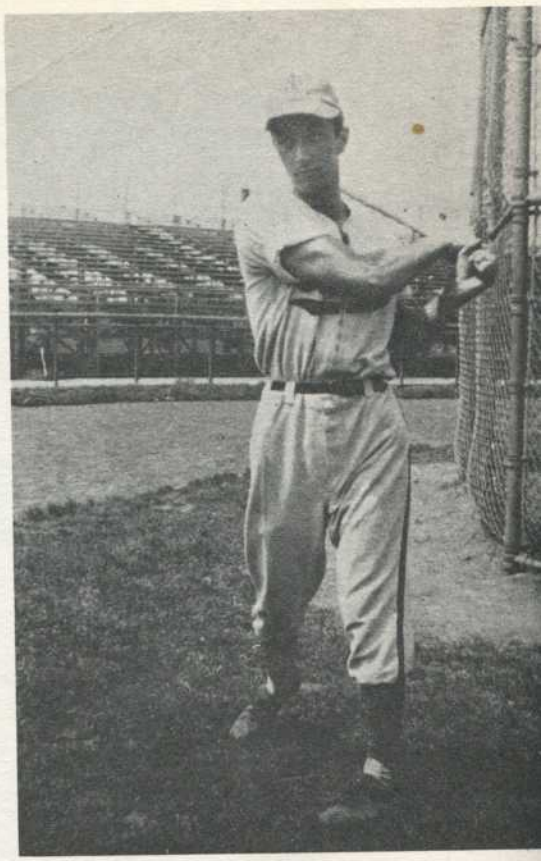
By the time he was eight, one of his teachers who was fascinated by his talent, approached Frank's parents and persuaded them to enroll him in Art School — The Brooklyn Academy of Fine Arts. The Academy was little more than a one-floor, three-room affair with a total of thirty students, all adults. It was manned by a single teacher, Classical Italian Artist — Michael Falanga. To this day, Frank can remember the look of skepticism as he was signed in. You could easily imagine the Professor thinking "Oh no! Not another child prodigy!" Nevertheless, he sat him down with pencil and paper and asked him to copy a picture of a group of ducks. About 30 minutes later, he returned to check on his progress, took one look at the drawing, grabbed it and leaped into the air shouting, "Mama Mia, Mama Mia! We have a genius here!"

(Continued on page

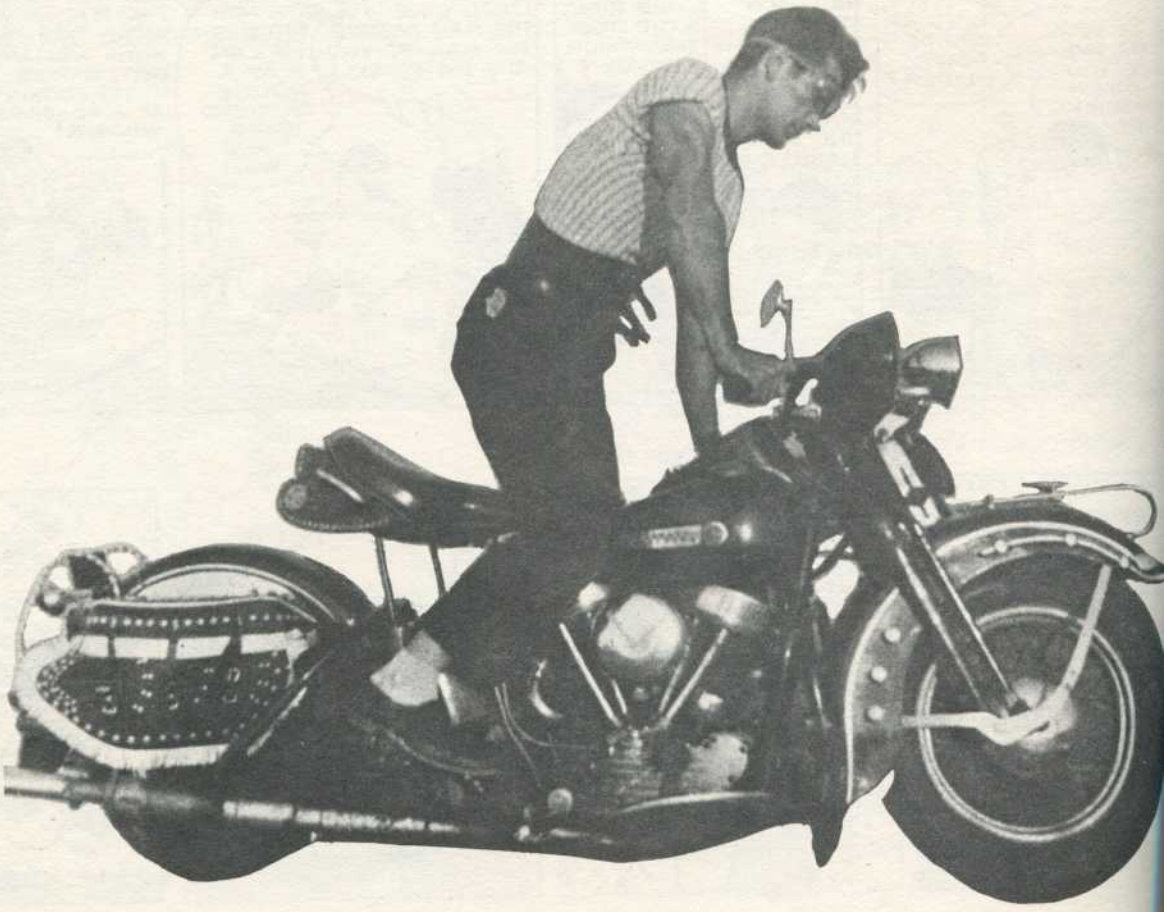
Through his teens, he continued drawing and painting, however he began to slack off due to his discovery of girls and baseball. He was even offered a contract from The New York Giants, so art played second fiddle for a few years...and still does to a certain degree.

The neighborhood where he lived grew progressively worse. The Sheepshead Bay area of Brooklyn was not the place to admit you were an artist. Gang wars and violence were common everyday occurrences and Frank found himself an active participant but never a member of any gang. Fights were an everyday occurence. Frank more than held his own against any and all challengers. He soon gained a reputation of one to be reckoned with. Perhaps this is where he learned to express the feeling of power and violence found in a lot of his paintings.

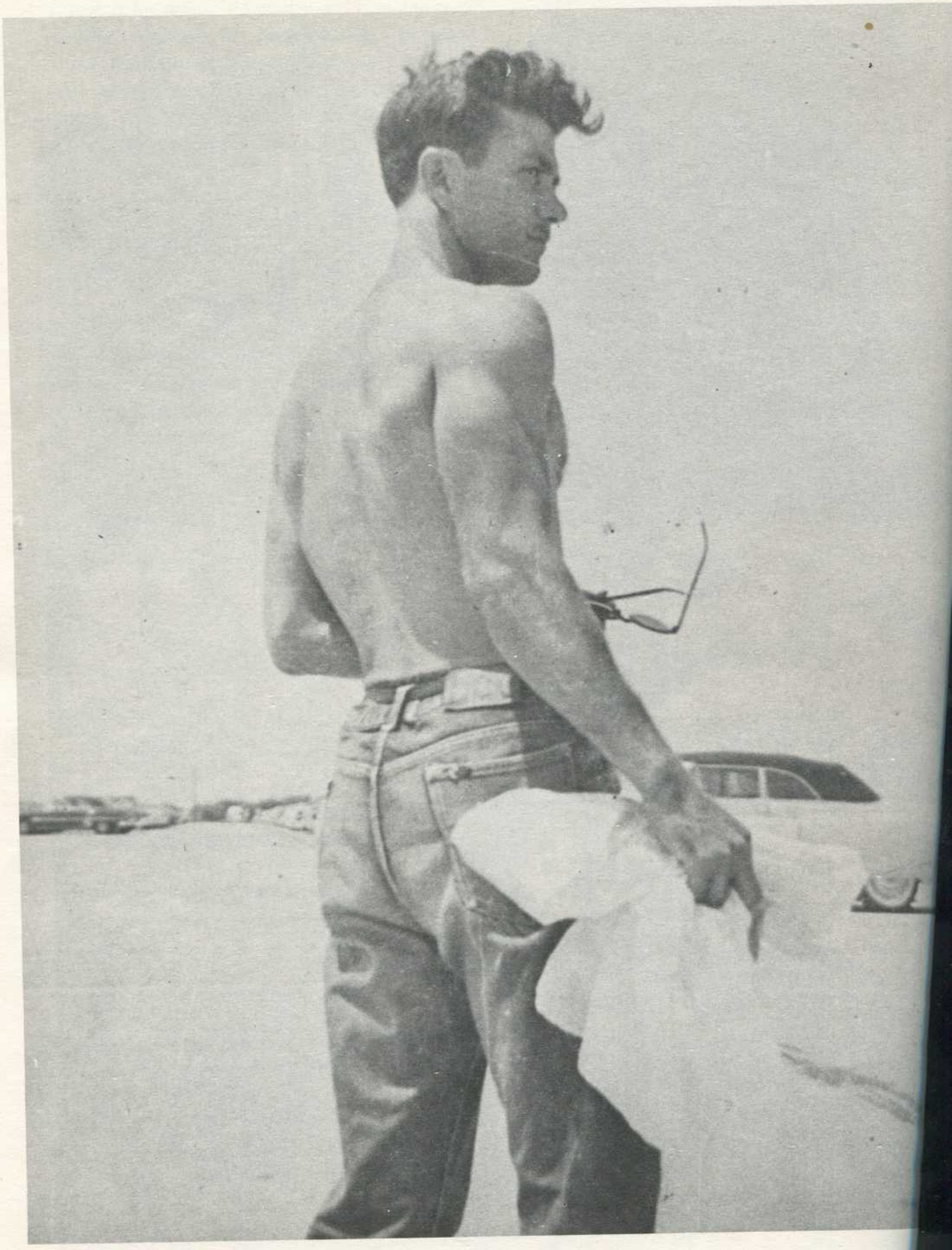
(Continued on page 11)



Lincoln High –



Frank — Age 25



Jones Beach -

At sixteen, Frank decided to apply his talent to support a living, and began his professional career as Assistant to Science Fiction Cartoonist John Giunta. Working with Giunta, Frank persuaded him into adapting a character and story he had originally created himself at the age of eight called "Snowman" appearing in the premier issue of Tally-Ho Comics, December, 1944. For the next five years, he continued working for a variety of Comic Houses.

Much of Frank's early work is signed "Fritz" (See Illustration Page 42), and anyone who tried to collect the works of Frank Frazetta might have passed them over. Frank used this pen name because it was the nickname he went by where he grew up, and most of his friends knew him only as "Fritz".

It was in 1950 that magazine enterprises published Frank's own comic called Thun'da, King of the Congo. The first issue has become a classic, (See Page 13). This was considered by many to have been the best year for Frank as far as comic work was concerned. It was in this period that Frank went on to do his truly magnificent work for famous funnies — his series of Buck Rogers Covers. (These very same covers overwhelmed George Lucas, who has claimed they were the inspiration for the Star Wars Saga). He then went on to do a syndicated newspaper strip titled, "Johnny Comet." (See Page 30-31).

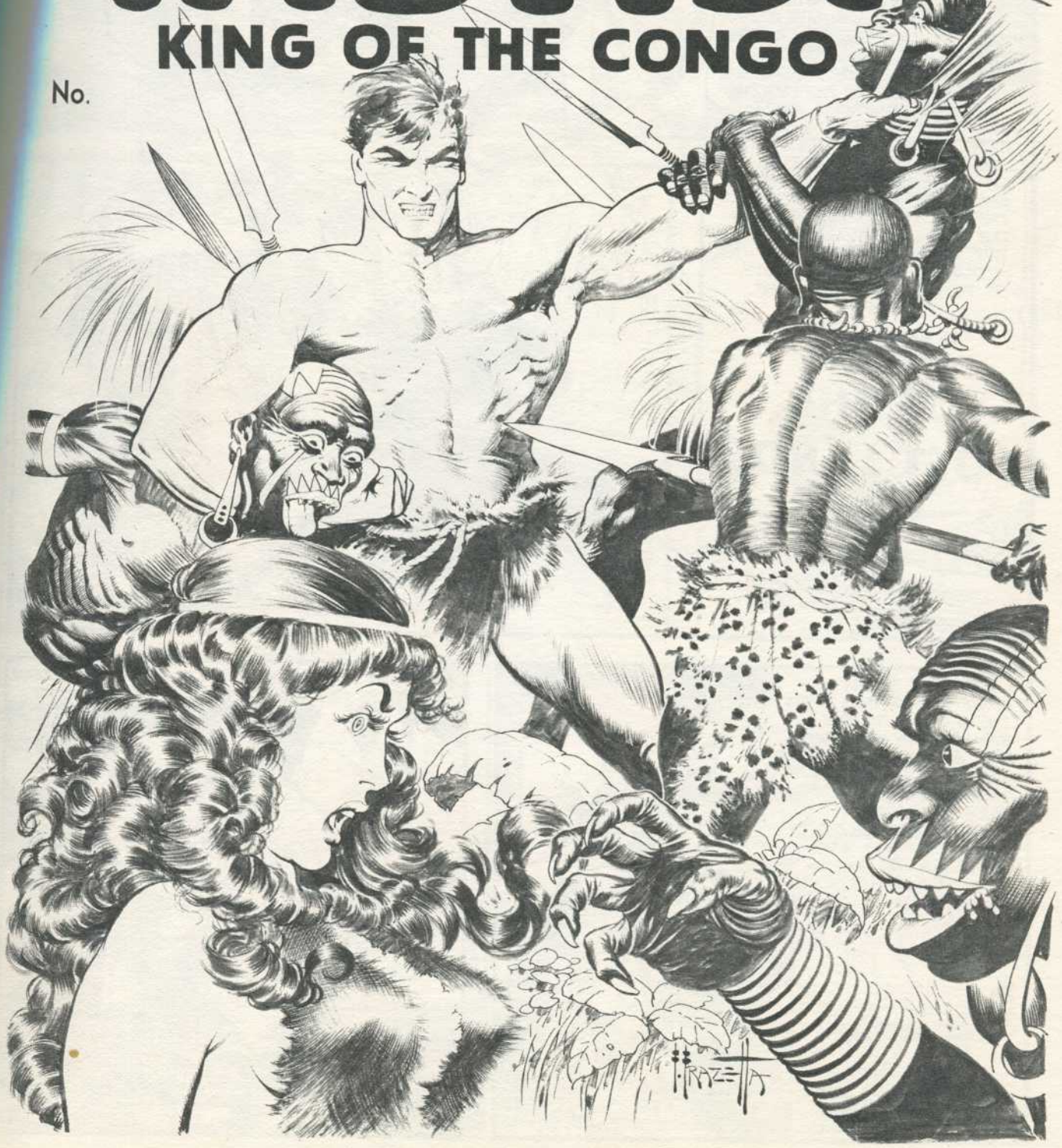
(Continued on page 33)

FRAZETTA

THUNDA

KING OF THE CONGO

No.



THUNDA

DEEP IN THE MIST AND FOG OF AFRICA IS A LOST LAND, A LAND REPORTED BY AVIATORS —BUT A COUNTRY UNTOUCHED BY CIVILIZATION, WHERE STRENGTH IS KING, AND THE WEAK DIE OR ARE CONQUERED!

STRANGE TALES HAVE BEEN TOLD OF MASTODONIC MONSTERS THAT ROAM THIS MISTY WORLD, STORIES OF ARMORED GIANTS THAT BATTLE TO THE DEATH IN SWAMPY WATERS AND WHO ROCK THE EARTH ITSELF WITH THE FURY OF THEIR COMBAT! YET NO TALE IS SO STRANGE AS THAT WHICH CONCERNS HIM WHO STROKED THE ANCIENT DRUM OF KALLA THE CRUEL, WHO ROSE BY WIT AND MUSCLE TO THE ALTAR OF HARNN, THE MAN OF THE OUTER WORLD WHO BECAME —

"KING OF THE LOST LANDS"

Spec layout done in his early 20's

As time passed, the Professor became so impressed with Frank's ability that he vowed to send him to a famous Art School in Italy. Unfortunately, Michael Falanga died and the dream of Frank attending Art School died with him. Mr. Falanga's school disbanded shortly thereafter.

Meanwhile, in Elementary School, he was awarded the Art Medal and on Graduation Day the Principal gave such a flattering speech that it made Frank's parents beam with pride.

(Continued on page 8)

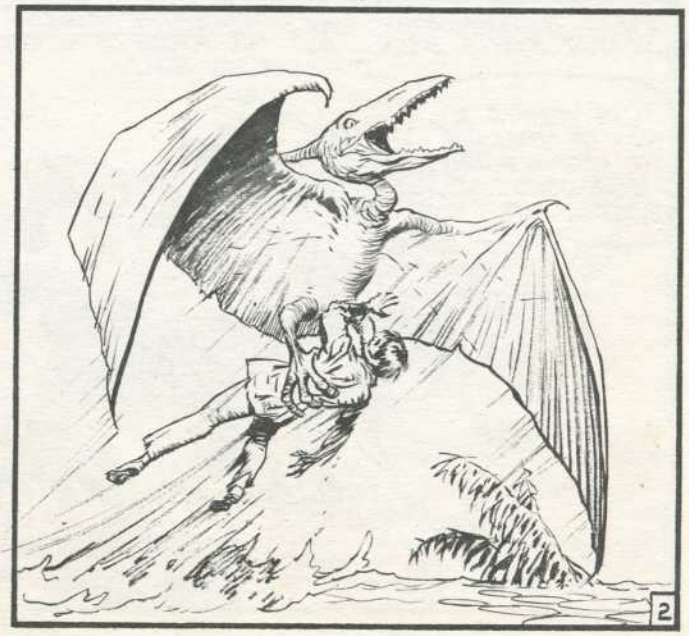
THE CRASH OF ITS FALL STARTLES THOSE WHO WALK IN THE MISTS OF THE LOST LANDS...

WITH A RUSH THAT SHAKES THE WORLD, THE GIGANTIC LIZARD HURTLES FORWARD. ITS GIANT JAWS GAPE WIDE, AND CRUNCH!

RAGE FLOODS THE JUNGLE MONSTER! HIS HEAD SWINGS AND HIS JAWS TIGHTEN! AS A DOG WOULD SHAKE A RAT, HE SHAKES THE BIG PLANE—AND A LIMP FIGURE DROPS EARTHWARD...

HISSS!

HISSSS
HOLY COW!


2

ONLY HAVE SEVEN SHOTS IN THIS AUTOMATIC... GOT TO MAKE EACH ONE COUNT!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!

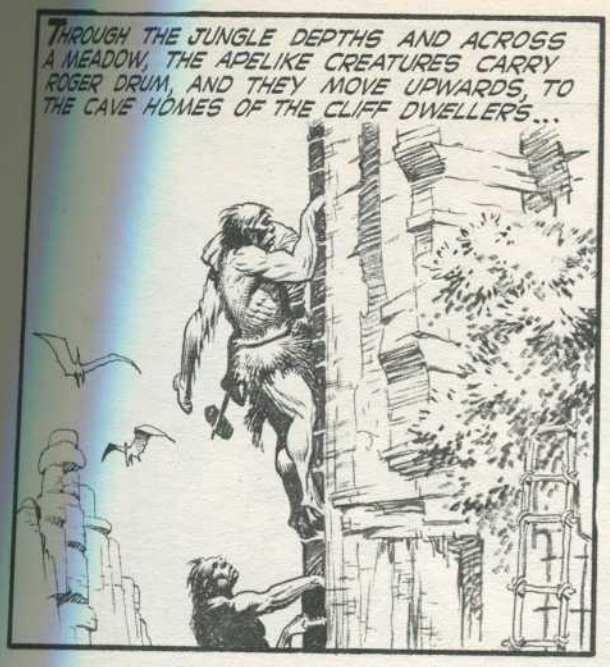
IT'S DEAD —WHATEVER IT IS!

WEAKLY STAGGERING THROUGH THE SWAMP WATERS, ROGER DRUM STRUGGLES TOWARD DRY LAND...
I—I CAN'T SEEM TO THINK...TO REMEMBER WHO OR WHERE I AM... AS IF I WAS JUST BORN... ALMOST LIKE A BABY... AND YET...I KNOW THIS UNIFORM... AND I HAVE A GUN...

LOOMING UP FROM THE JUNGLE GROWTHS, HAIR-MATTED CAVEMEN OF THE PLEISTOCENE ERA BLOCK THE AVIATOR'S PATH!
WHAT IN THE WORLD—?

THEY SURE DON'T STAND ON CEREMONY HERE. THEY SEE YOU AND—WHAM! —CHARGE IN TO KILL YOU!

FISTS THUDDING HOME LIKE PISTONS, THE FALLEN AVIATOR FIGHTS BACK... BUT THE FORCE OF NUMBERS OVERWHELMS HIM!
LIKE FIGHTING A PACK OF GORILLAS! TOO STRONG FOR ME! GOING DOWN... BLACKING OUT...


THROUGH THE JUNGLE DEPTHS AND ACROSS A MEADOW, THE APELIKE CREATURES CARRY ROGER DRUM, AND THEY MOVE UPWARDS, TO THE CAVE HOMES OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS...

FOR TWO WEEKS, ROGER DRUM LIVES THE LIFE OF A PREHISTORIC CAVEMAN. BUT AS HE WORKS WITH HIS CAPTORS, HIS ALERT MIND IS BUSY...
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME, FIVE NIGHTS FROM NOW, WHEN THE MOON IS AT ITS FULL! AND YET, THEY TREAT ME ALMOST AS ONE OF THEM...

THEY THINK I'M SO WEAK AND SCRAWNY, THEY HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR—THAT I'LL NEVER RUN AWAY! BUT IF I'M EVER GOING TO MAKE MY ESCAPE—NOW'S THE BEST TIME FOR IT!

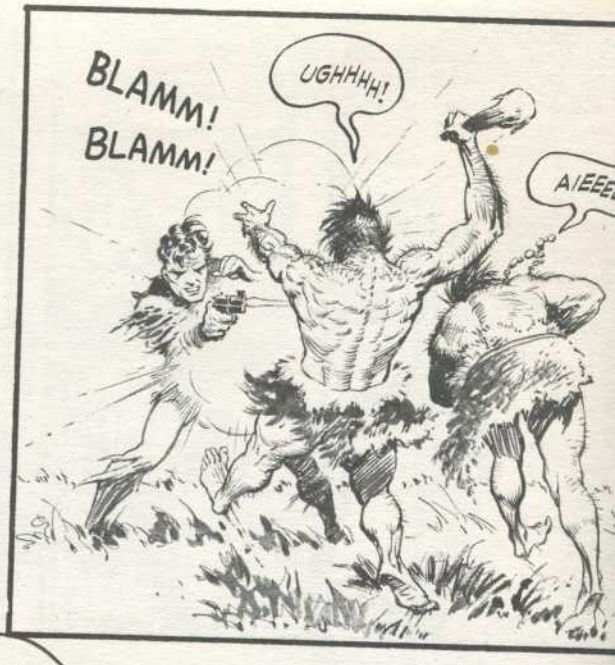
WITH EVERY LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH HE CAN SUMMON UP, THE AVIATOR PUSHES THE CLIFFSIDE LADDERS AWAY, TOPPLING THEM OVER TO THE GROUND—
IT'LL TAKE 'EM A LONG TIME TO CLIMB DOWN HERE, WITHOUT THESE LADDERS!

AND BY THAT TIME, I'LL LOSE MYSELF DEEP IN THESE MISTY JUNGLES!

UNKNOWN TO THE YOUNG AVIATOR, A HUNTING PARTY ARRIVES AT THE CLIFFS AND LIFTS A LADDER TO THE CAVE HOMES...
HE GOT AWAY!
WE GO AFTER HIM!
A!! KILL HIM RIGHT IN JUNGLE! NOT WAIT FOR NEW MOON!

ON FEET AS SILENT AS THOSE OF THE TIGER, THREE BURLY CAVEMEN TAKE UP THE PURSUIT...
4

OH-OH! THREE OF THEM! GUESS I COUNTED MY CHICKENS BEFORE THEY'D HATCHED! BUT I'VE A LITTLE SURPRISE OF MY OWN FOR YOU GENTLEMEN...


BLAMM! BLAMM!
UGHHHH!
AIEEE

MOOGO KILL!
YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY, FELLA —!

IT'S YOU OR ME— AND I LIKE LIFE A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO DO A FADE-OUT NOW!
AIEEEE!

SECONDS LATER...
WHEN THEY FIND YOU THREE... IF THEY EVER DO... MAYBE THEY'LL THINK TWICE ABOUT COMING AFTER ME...

AND SO ROGER DRUM MOVES ON, INTO THE JUNGLES OF THE LOST LANDS, TO LOSE HIMSELF FROM THE SIGHT OF MEN...
MY GUN...ONLY THREE SHOTS LEFT! MUST MAKE MYSELF SOME WEAPONS... LEARN TO USE THEM... THEN MAYBE I CAN STAND UP TO THE TERRORS OF THIS STRANGE WORLD...

SOME MILES AWAY, A FILE OF TALL, CLEAR-EYED MEN MOVE EASILY ALONG A TWISTED PATH LEADING DOWNWARD INTO THE MISTY VALLEY...
THE CAVE PEOPLE ARE AS NUMEROUS AS GNATS ON THE HIDE OF A SABRETOOTH TIGER. IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY WE COULD MAKE THEM FEAR US...
WE ARE AN OLD, DYING RACE, PHA. THEY ARE YOUNGER. SOON THEY WILL KILL ALL US VALLEY PEOPLE...

LESS THAN HALF A MILE AWAY, IN THE HIGH RIDGES OF THE VALLEY, TWO SCORE CAVEMEN FALL ON A LITTLE PARTY OF THE VALLEY PEOPLE...
THE HAIRLESS ONES! KILL! KILL THEM ALL!
SAVE THE WOMAN! SHE WILL BE MINE!
NO — MINE!
RELEASE THE GIRL! SISTA WAHATI! DO AS I SAY, PEOPLE OF THE CLIFFS — OR I WILL KILL WITH THE SHARP STICKS!
HIM WHO RAN AWAY! INTO THE TREE — KILL HIM!
HE SLEW THEM— FROM A DISTANCE —JUST WITH TINY STICKS!
SHE'S SCARED TO DEATH! CAN'T BLAME HER VERY MUCH. A WILD LAND LIKE THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A GIRL!
ROGER DRUM AGAIN TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE CAVEMEN, HIS OLD ENEMIES. HIS FLASHING ARROWS FELL ONE AFTER ANOTHER...
COME AND GET 'EM, BOYS! I HAVE PLENTY OF ARROWS FOR ALL OF YOU!
WITH A LOW GROWL IN HIS THROAT, ROGER DRUM LEAPS TO MEET THE LAST AND BIGGEST CAVEMAN— WITH BARE HANDS!
YOUR KIND MANHANDLED ME WHEN I FIRST LANDED HERE. NOW IT'S MY TURN TO SHOW YOU MY MUSCLES!
REELING AND PANTING, HIS FISTS LIKE STEEL HAMMERS POUNDING INTO THE CAVEMAN'S RIBS, THE LOST AVIATOR KNOWS THE HOT TASTE OF VICTORY!
GO BACK AND TELL YOUR KIND THAT I'LL BE HERE—WAITING FOR THEM... ANY TIME THEY WANT TO TASTE THE BITE OF THE SHARP STICKS!
7

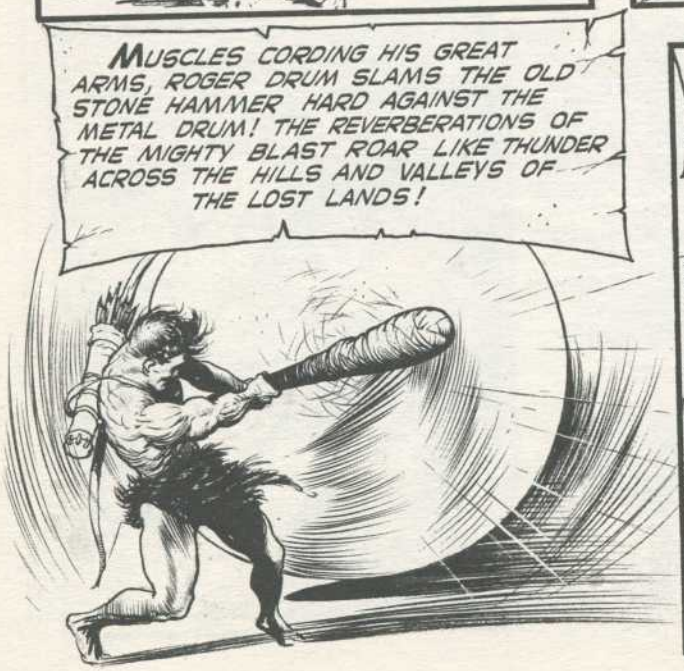
BACK TO THE ANCIENT RUINS OF THE FORGOTTEN CITY OF SHAREEN GOES PHA AND THE MEN OF HER HUNTING PARTY WHO ARE LEFT...
I WILL GATHER MANY MEN! WE MUST CAPTURE HIM WHO HURLS THE SHARP STICKS THAT KILL!
TAKE YOUR THROWING SPEARS, MEN OF SHAREEN! WE MUST FIND AND MAKE PRISONER THE MAN WHO SLAYS FROM A DISTANCE!
MEANWHILE...
THE CAVE PEOPLE HAVE COME DOWN FROM THE CLIFFS! ALL MEN! THEY ARE ON A RAID FOR WEAPONS AND WOMEN!
I'LL WARN THE VALLEY PEOPLE. THEY WILL BE GLAD OF MY WARNING AND BECOME MY FRIENDS!
BUT WHEN AVIATOR AND VALLEY PEOPLE COME FACE TO FACE—
I DON'T KNOW THEIR LANGUAGE... PERHAPS I'LL MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND WITH GESTURES!
THERE IS THE MAN I WANT! CAPTURE HIM—ALIVE AND UNHURT!
THEY AREN'T THROWING THEIR SPEARS, SO THEY DON'T WANT TO KILL ME. I'LL HAVE TO TACKLE THIS PROBLEM FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE!
WITH A POWERFUL LEAP ROGER DRUM SEEKS REFUGE IN THE TREES. THEN, UNFASTENING HIS GRASS ROPE, HE SENDS IT COILING DOWNWARD—
I'LL SHOW THE CAVEMAN ARMY TO HER. SHE'LL UNDERSTAND, AND CALL OFF HER FIGHTING MEN!
8

EASY, PRINCESS! DON'T GO OFF YOUR TROLLEY! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU...
TROLLEY...? PRINCESS...? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HIS WORDS!

MAYBE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THOSE CAVEMEN, BABY! THEY AREN'T HEADING THIS WAY FOR FUN!
THE PEOPLE OF THE CLIFFS!

I'LL LEAD THEM INTO THE HILLS, AWAY FROM THE VALLEY MEN!
IF ONE OF THOSE CLUBS HIT HIM—THE CLIFF PEOPLE WILL TAKE ME TO THEIR CAVES!

BY TWISTING MOUNTAIN TRAILS, ACROSS STRETCHES OF ANCIENT VOLCANIC STONE, ROGER DRUM LEADS THE PEOPLE OF THE CLIFFS...UNTIL HE BREAKS OUT INTO A CLEARING WHERE AN ANCIENT DRUM GLEAMS BRIGHTLY...
THE DRUM OF KALLA! THAT WHICH SUMMONS UP THE ANCIENT GOD OF EVIL!
DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, BABY, BUT I'M GOING TO GIVE THAT THING A BANG—JUST TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS.


MUSCLES CORDING HIS GREAT ARMS, ROGER DRUM SLAMS THE OLD STONE HAMMER HARD AGAINST THE METAL DRUM! THE REVERBERATIONS OF THE MIGHTY BLAST ROAR LIKE THUNDER ACROSS THE HILLS AND VALLEYS OF THE LOST LANDS!

AS THE ECHOES DIE OUT, CAVE PEOPLE AND PHA STARE AT SOMETHING LOOMING GIGANTIC ABOVE ROGER DRUM'S HEAD! THEIR SCREAMS DROWN OUT THE THUNDER OF THE CRASHING DRUM!
EEEEE!
AIIEEE!

A MAD TORRENT OF WEIRD HISSING SWINGS THE AVIATOR AROUND! TOWERING HIGH ABOVE HIM—EMERGING FROM THE LABYRINTHINE DEPTHS OF THE CAVE BEHIND THE DRUM...
A SNAKE— THE FATHER OF ALL SNAKES!

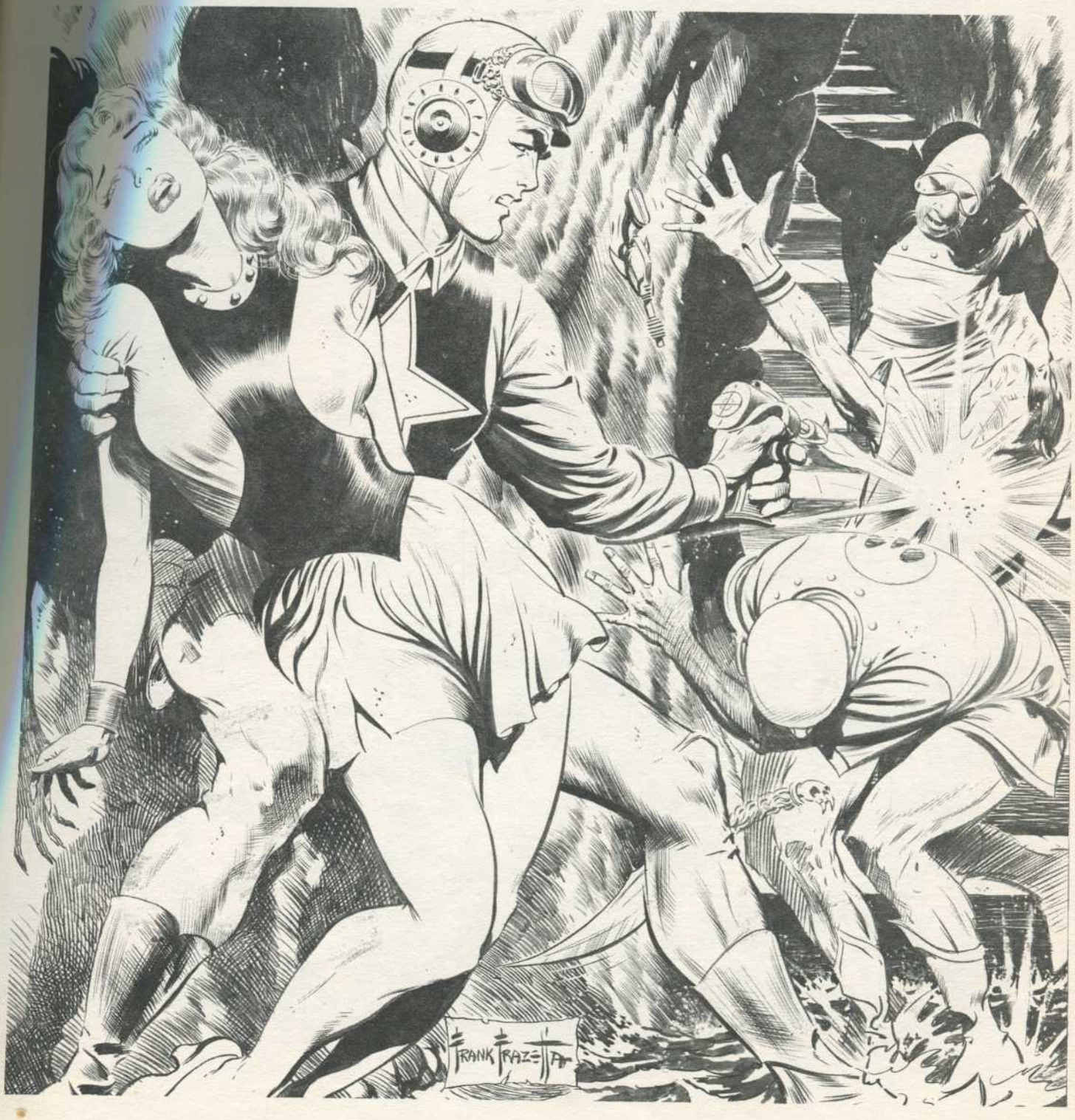
BEFORE THE FEAR-FROZEN CAVE PEOPLE CAN MOVE, THE GIANT HEAD FLASHES DOWNWARD!

GOT TO— KILL IT— SOMEHOW!
NO GOOD! ARROWS DON'T HURT IT...!

MY GUN! GOT THREE SHOTS LEFT! MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT ONE OF THEM LODGES IN ITS BRAIN!

WITH THE SNAKE'S FANGS BEFORE HIS VERY EYES, HIS LAST BULLET REACHES ITS RESTING PLACE—AND WITH A FRIGHTFUL HISS, THE GIGANTIC SERPENT WRITHES IN DEATH...

THUN'DA — LORD OF THE MAGIC DRUM! THUN'DA — WHO KILLED THE SNAKE THAT SURROUNDS THE WORLD! THUN'DA — OF THE LOST LANDS!
AND SO, ROGER DRUM, WHO IS HENCEFORTH TO BE KNOWN AS THUN'DA, COMES AT LAST TO PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH THE QUEEN OF THE VALLEY PEOPLE... AND WITH THE PEOPLE OF THE CAVES...!
10


FRANK FRAZETTA

FRANK FRAZETTA

FRANK FRAZETTA

FRANK BRAZETT

FRANK FRAZETTA

KIRO SAYS THAT YOU AND SHE HAVE BEEN SECRETLY KEEPING COMPANY!
I DARE HIM TO DENY IT!
1-1
McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

THAT'S A DOWNRIGHT LIE, SIR! I DON'T EVEN KNOW THIS GIRL!
THAT'S WHAT I EXPECTED! KIRO, YOU'RE A TROUBLE-MAKER! PACK AND GET OF THE LOT!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO GET YOU FIRED, BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW YOU.
PERHAPS A WALK ON THE BEACH COULD REMEDY THAT..OR AT LEAST MAKE EXPLANATIONS POSSIBLE.
1-3

ALWAYS MY LIFE HAS BEEN ONE OF HEARTBREAK..
HE'S FALLING FOR HER!
THIS IS GONNA BE A SLAUGHTER!

..AND, SO, AFTER SATURDAY MATINEE, YOUR ACT WILL NO LONGER BE REQUIRED.

SO ACE McCOY HAS FINALLY SUPPLANTED THE GREAT PIPO!
PIPO THE GREAT
HOW MUCH
WANNA BET
McCOY NE
MAKES A
PERFORMA

ACE HAS JOINED A CARNIVAL AS A STUNTMAN. TO GAIN HIS INTEREST, KIRO, A SIDE-SHOW PERFORMER, PROVOKES A FIGHT WITH A FELLOW EMPLOYEE...
GOOD HEAVENS..HE'S TRYING TO PUSH HER INTO THE BEAR PIT!
2-22
HEY, YOU! LET THAT GIRL ALONE!

PIT
OKAY
COMING
ME BACK
AND BE
McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

BEAR PIT
FRANK FRAZETTA 12-23

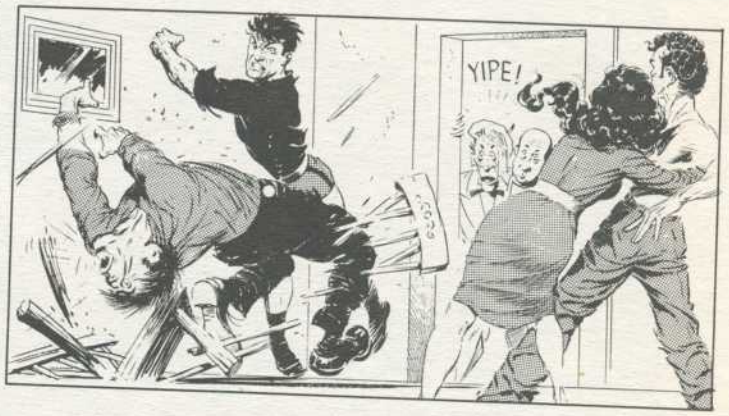
McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

HELP! HELP!
BEAR PIT

KEEP TALKING, TIGE.
FRANK FRAZETTA 1-24

YOU SPYING RAT.. I'LL FINISH UP THE JOB KIRO MUFFED!

FRANK FRAZETTA 1-27
McNaught Syndicate, Inc.


YIPE!

ULP!
ACE, LOOK! A LETTER FROM JEAN. SHE'S GONE AND GOT HERSELF ENGAGED!

IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT, ACE! YOU LET THE GRASS GROW RIGHT UNDER YOUR FEET!

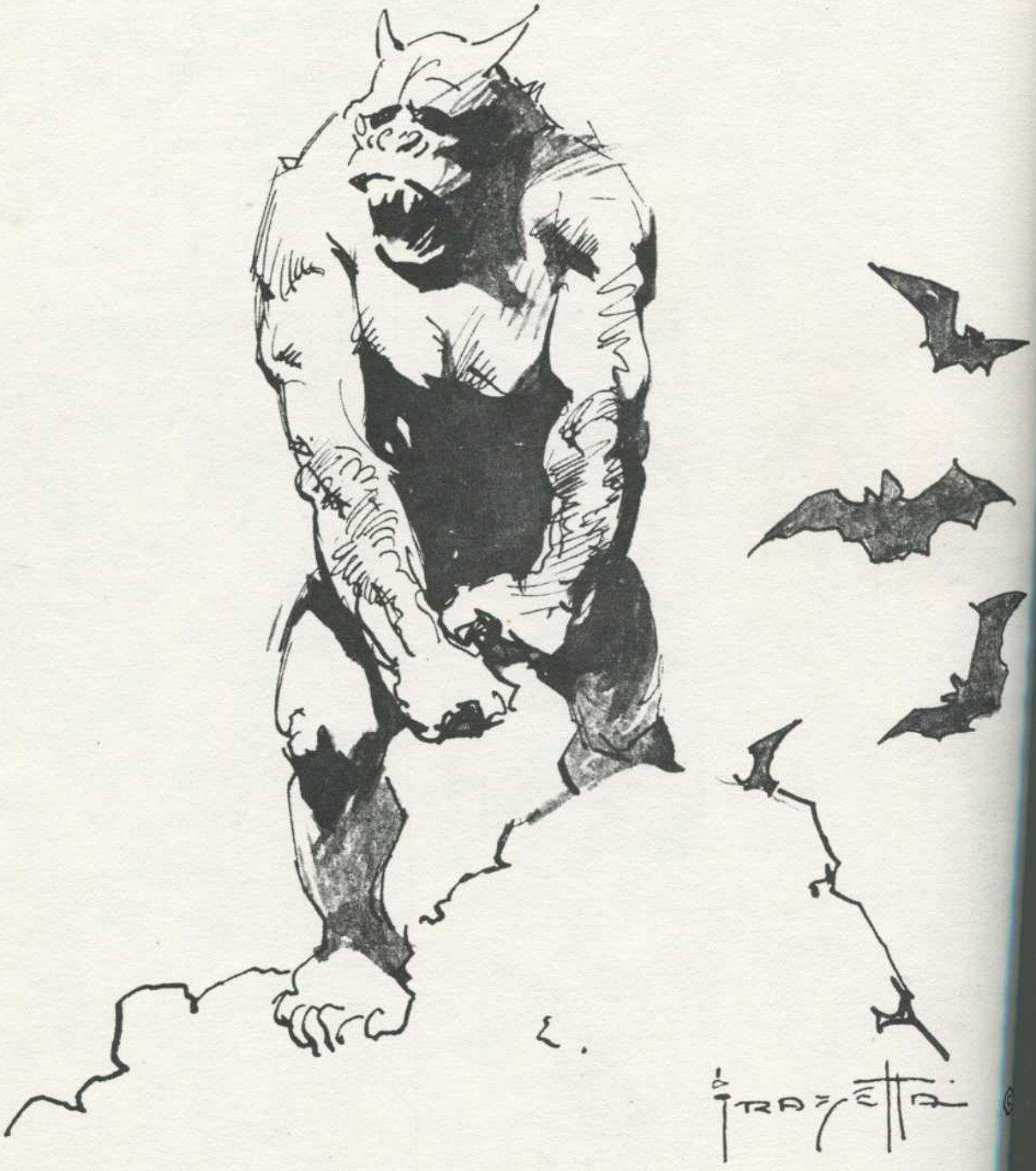
WHAT'S THE USE? I'M CRAZY ABOUT HER.. AND NOW ITS TOO LATE!
FRANK FRAZETTA 1-28
McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

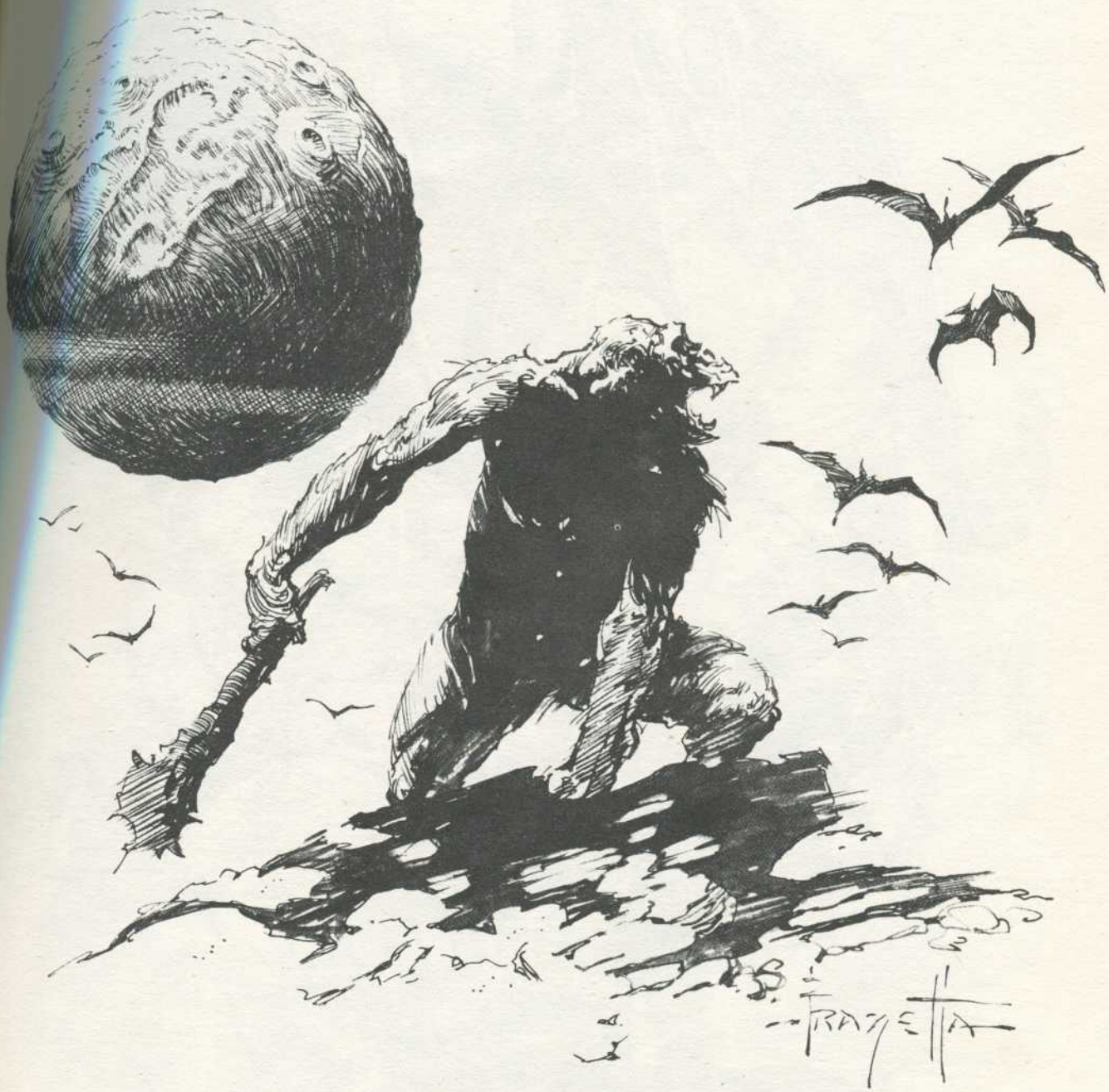
50

In 1954, Al Capp invited him to join the staff working on the Lil Abner Strip. Frank decided to try it for a year. He stayed for nine years. "Because of Capp's strong style of drawing, I had all but lost all the things I had learned and developed on my own," states Frank. "I had to get away." (Even after a year away from Capp, his own work looked awkward). He then went on to work on a series for Playboy Magazine titled "Lil Annie Fannie."

Frank met Eleanor Kelly in 1952. They were wed on November 17, 1956, ironically (Lil Abner's) Sadie Hawkin's Day.

(Continued on page 41)

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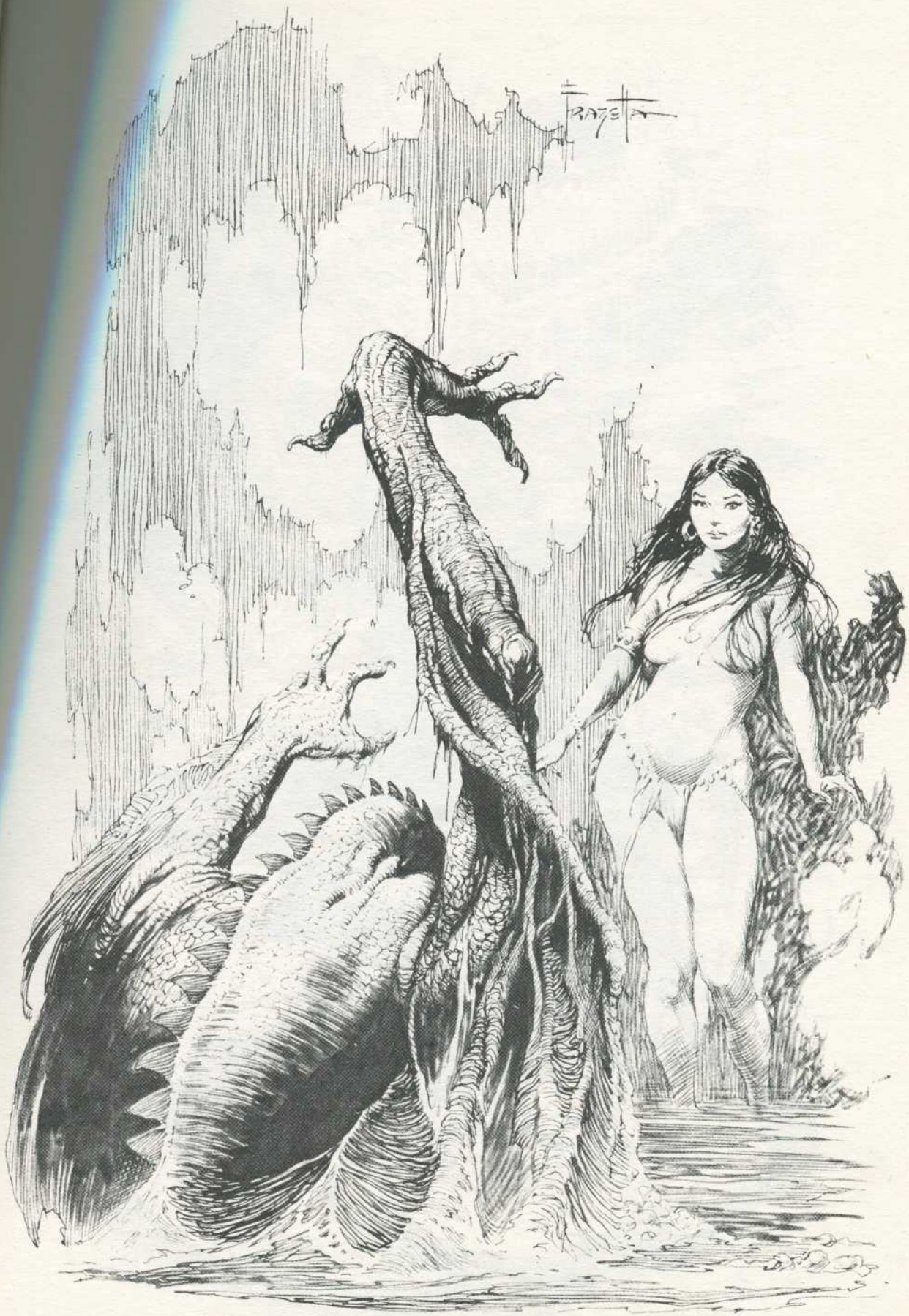
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TRAZETTA

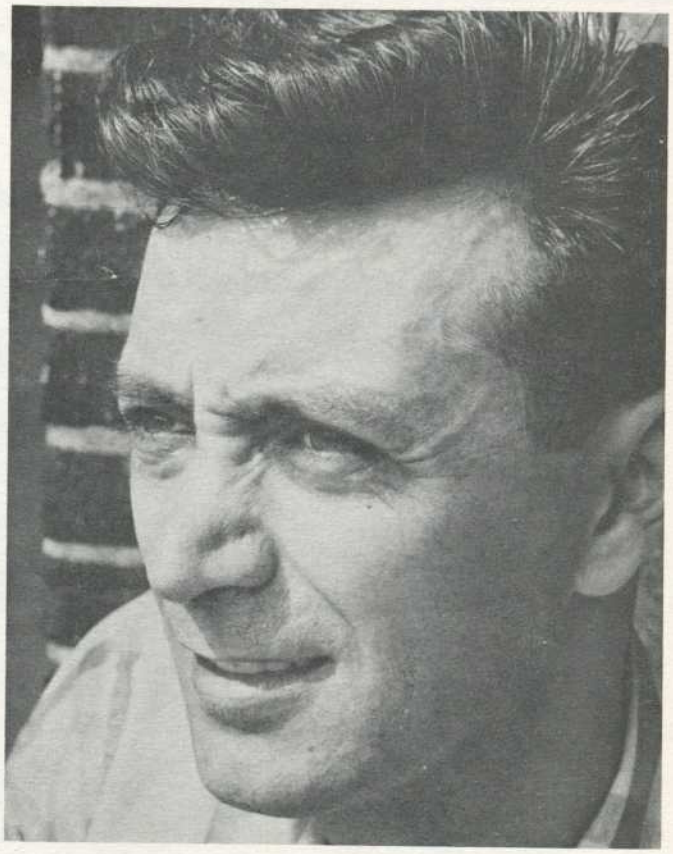
FRAZETTA

FRAZETTA

It wasn't until 1964 that Frank's best friend Roy Krenkel introduced him to paperback covers (for which many of us are familiar, See Illustration Page 43). He started with Ace Paperbacks doing a series for Edgar Rice Burrough's Novels. The public response was overwhelming. Other paperback firms started noticing. A back cover for Mad Magazine, a characture of Ringo Star (See Page 43) was noticed by United Artists Film Studios who had Frazetta do the poster for What's New Pussycat? For it, Frank received $4,000.00, a whole year's pay earned in one afternoon! It finally started to pay off.

Then Frank began an inspired series of paintings for Jim Warren's Publishing Company, which provided total freedom for Frank the artist to utilize his talents to the fullest.

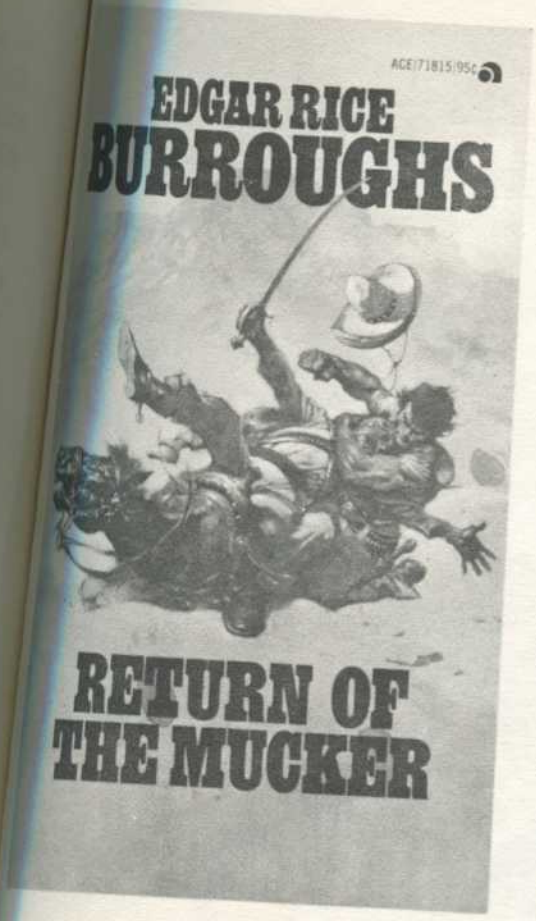
Just about that same time, Lancer Paperbacks were picking up on Robert E. Howard's Conan series (See Illustration Page 96). They engaged Frank to do the covers. When they hit the bookstands, they became one of the greatest selling series in history, upwards of 10 million copies. Many people bought the books just for the cover art, and couldn't care less for their contents.



Because Frazetta's covers did sell books, he became more selective about the material offered him. He retained ownership of all original art and permitted only first printing rights. This in itself started a whole new trend in the paperback industry. To this day Frazetta's work is considered fine art. Fine Art is something that is total, "It has a beginning, a middle, and an end." To prove his point, Frank will talk about design while pulling pictures from the wall and turning them upside-down, drawing the eye toward the center of interest, being pleased that it works from any angle.

(Continued on page 60)

Early Fritz drawing from the 40's


AGE/71815/95¢
EDGAR RICE
BURROUGHS
RETURN OF
THE MUCKER

Make Beautiful Hair
BLECCH
THERE ARE THREE BLECCH SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
THUVIA, MAID OF MARS
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
THUVIA, MAID OF MARS
& THE CHESSMEN OF MARS
JACKET PAINTING BY FRANK FRAZETTA
Printed in the U.S.A.

Last comic done for EC left incomplete because of failure in line of books.

PRATT

FRAZETTA

FRAZETTA

FRAY ETTA

TRAZETTA

BAZETA

FRAZETTA

1957 — Ellie, Frank & Frankie, age 1

Things went well for the next several years. Frank and Ellie were quite comfortable in their Long Island home and were kept quite busy with their four children and a small Poster Business, but Frank longed for open space and the privacy he dearly cherishes. In 1971, they packed up the family and moved to the Pocono Mountains in East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania on a very picturesque 67 acres. The house was not much to speak of, but with the aid of a mop and broom and the touch of ingenuity — "Presto," an enchanting estate complete with indoor pool and manmade lake.

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1972 — Frazetta children engaged in frolicking game of high jump.
Left to Right: Holly, Billy, Frankie and Heidi

It was in 1974 that Ian Ballantine approached Frank about producing a book on Frank's art. The book was a blockbuster and went into six printings. Today, there are four volumes available, with over a total of a million copies sold. Also, three calendars were produced and the Poster Business has grown in number to over 100 illustrations and now T-shirts and clocks are available with Frank owning the Frazetta Print Company.

(Continued on page 79)

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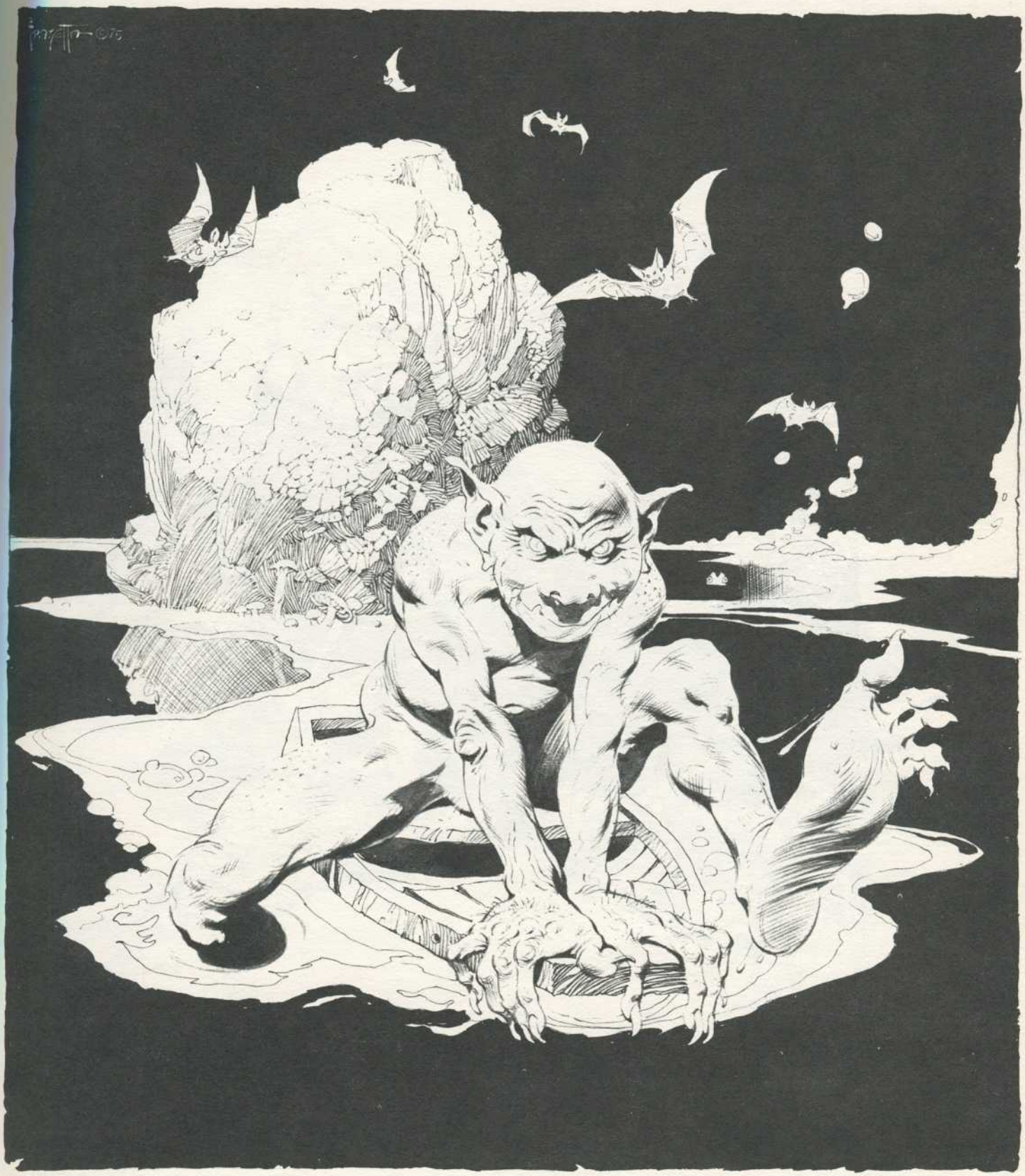

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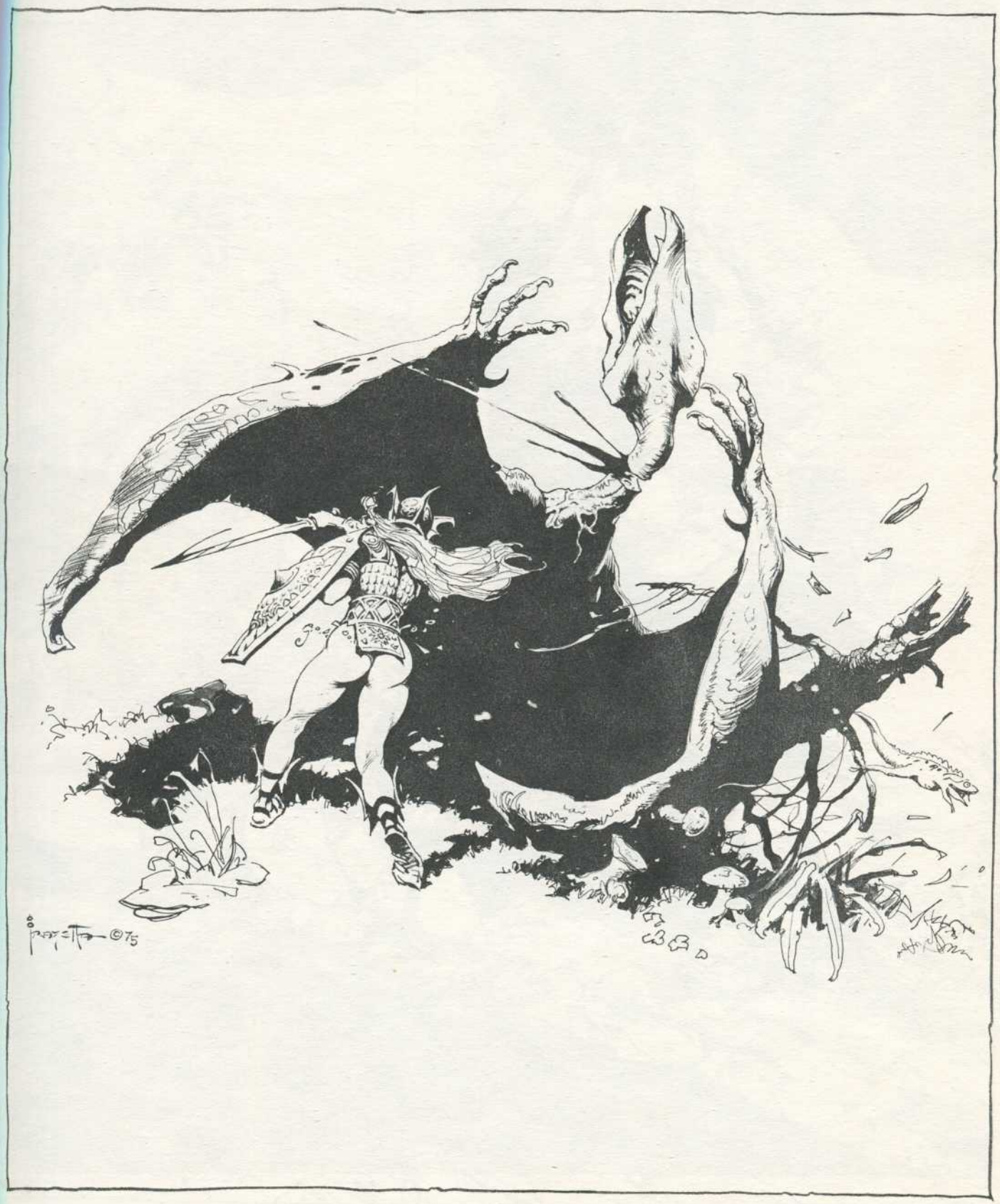

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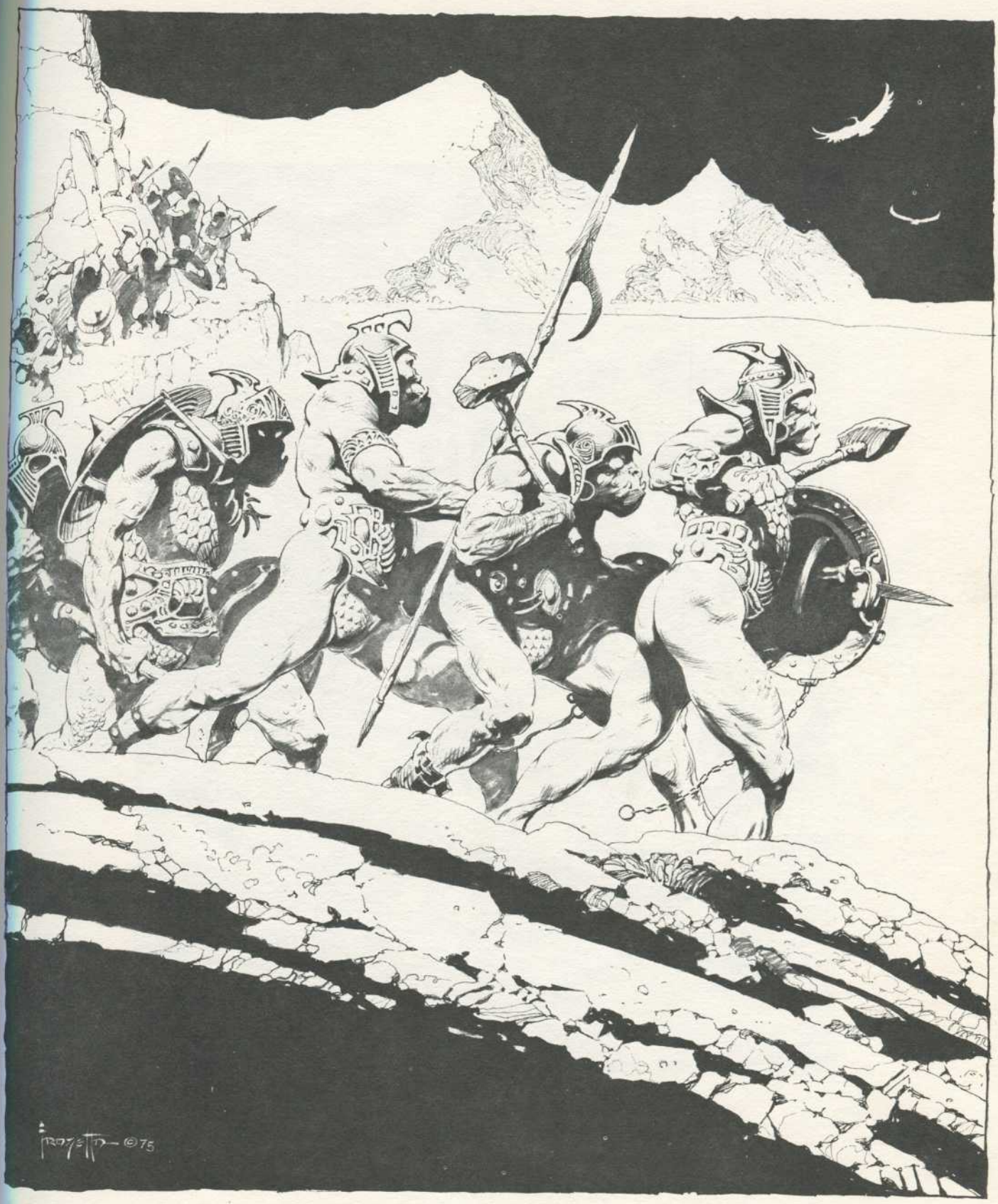
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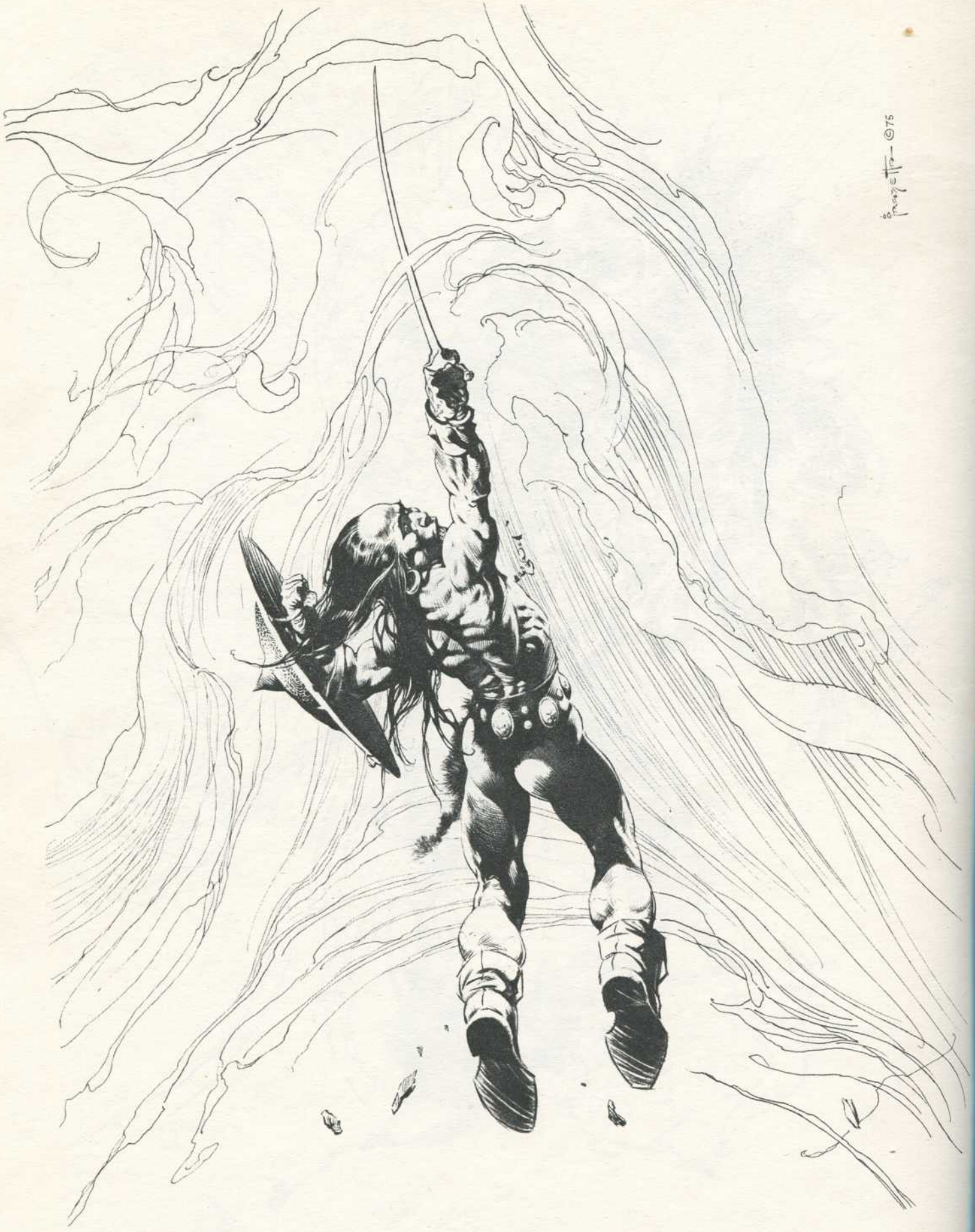
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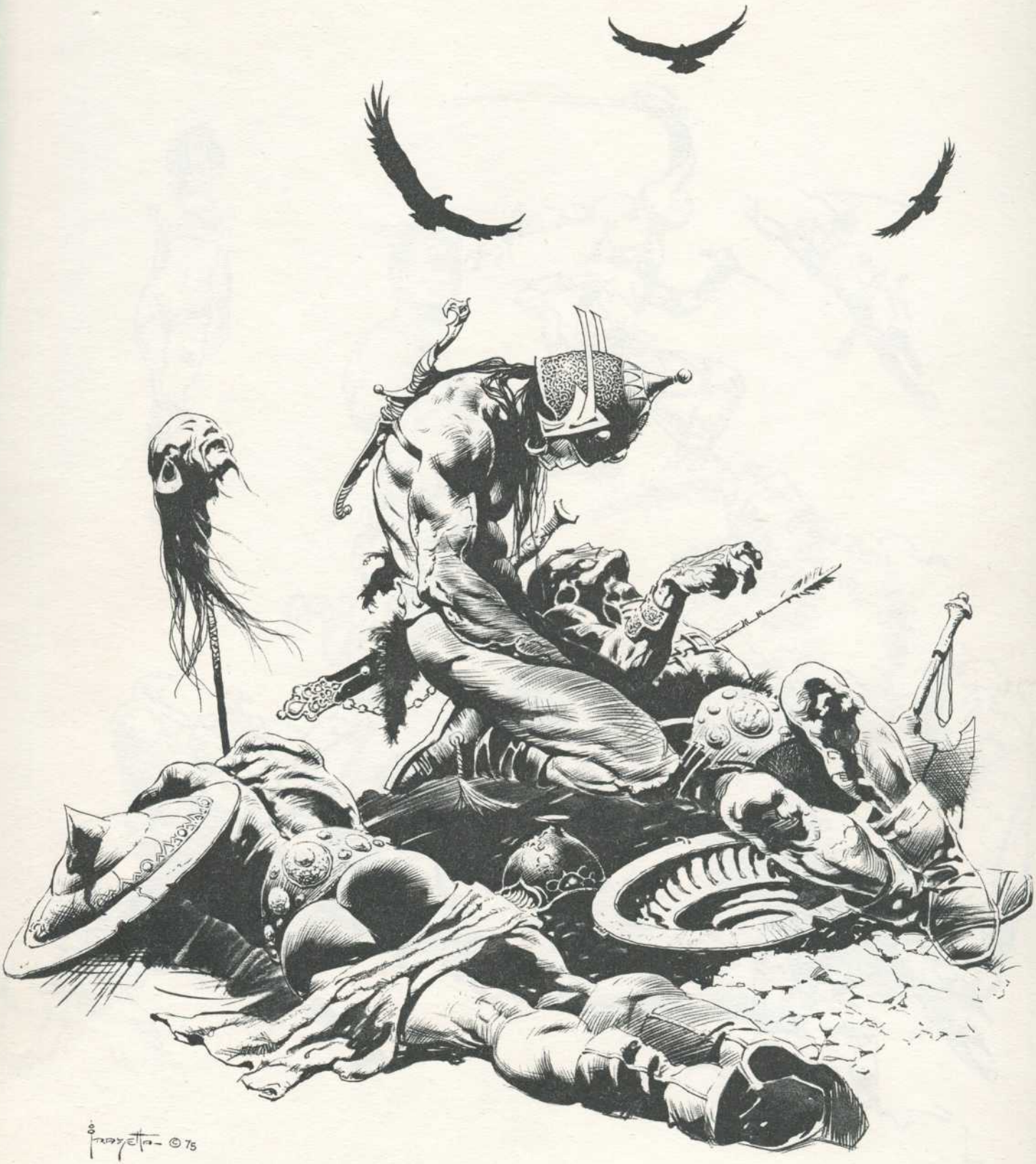
Frazetta © 75

Preliminary sketches
for John Carter series

The year was 1976 when Frank's famous painting of "The Death Dealer" graced the front cover of American Artist Magazine with a feature article of 10 pages, an issue that was completely sold out. His unique style created such an impact that his technique has been one of the most copied in the field of fantasy art today. And what does he think of artists who emulate his style? "An Artist is one who is creative, original, and paints from the heart with honesty and conviction."

Frazetta prides himself on his creativeness and totally original concepts. As he once stated, "I could do any thing I wanted as long as I did it well."

His first illustration for Playboy, aside from some character work on the early Annie Fanny Cartoons, appeared in September 1978. Frank's painting, "Against the Gods", inspired an animated T.V. commercial for Jovan Products.

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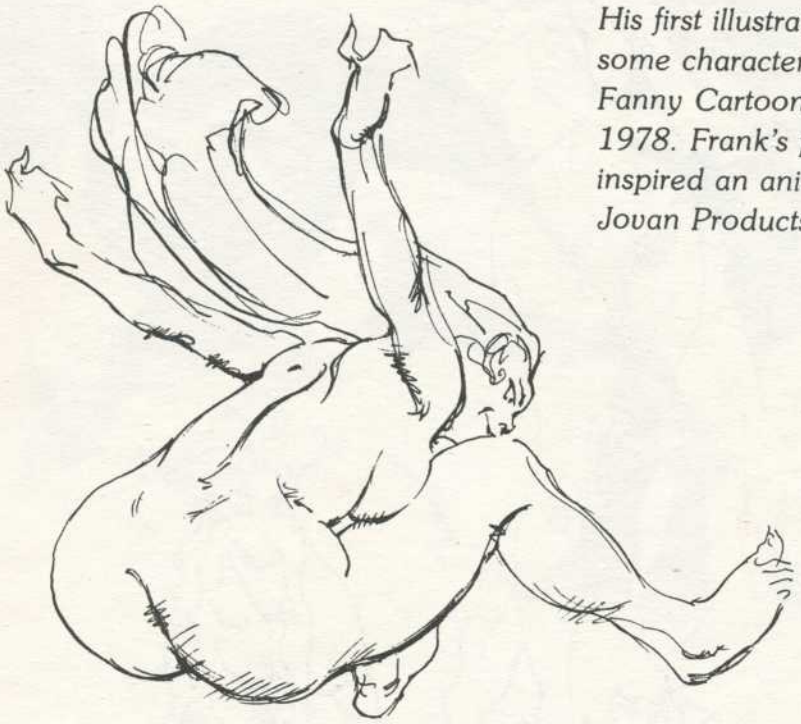

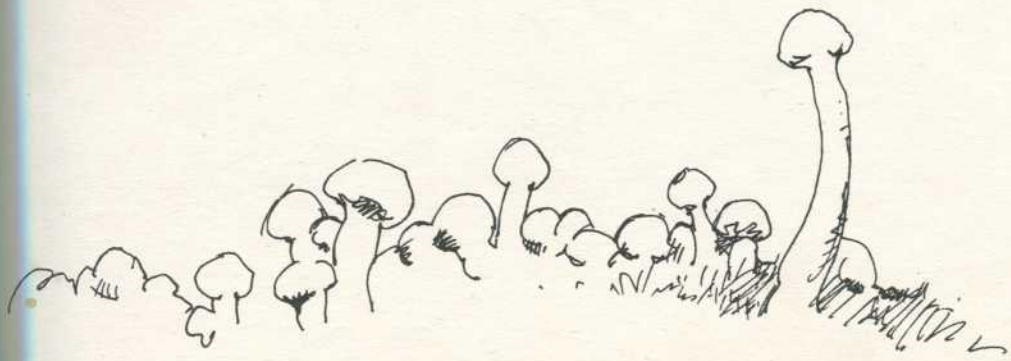

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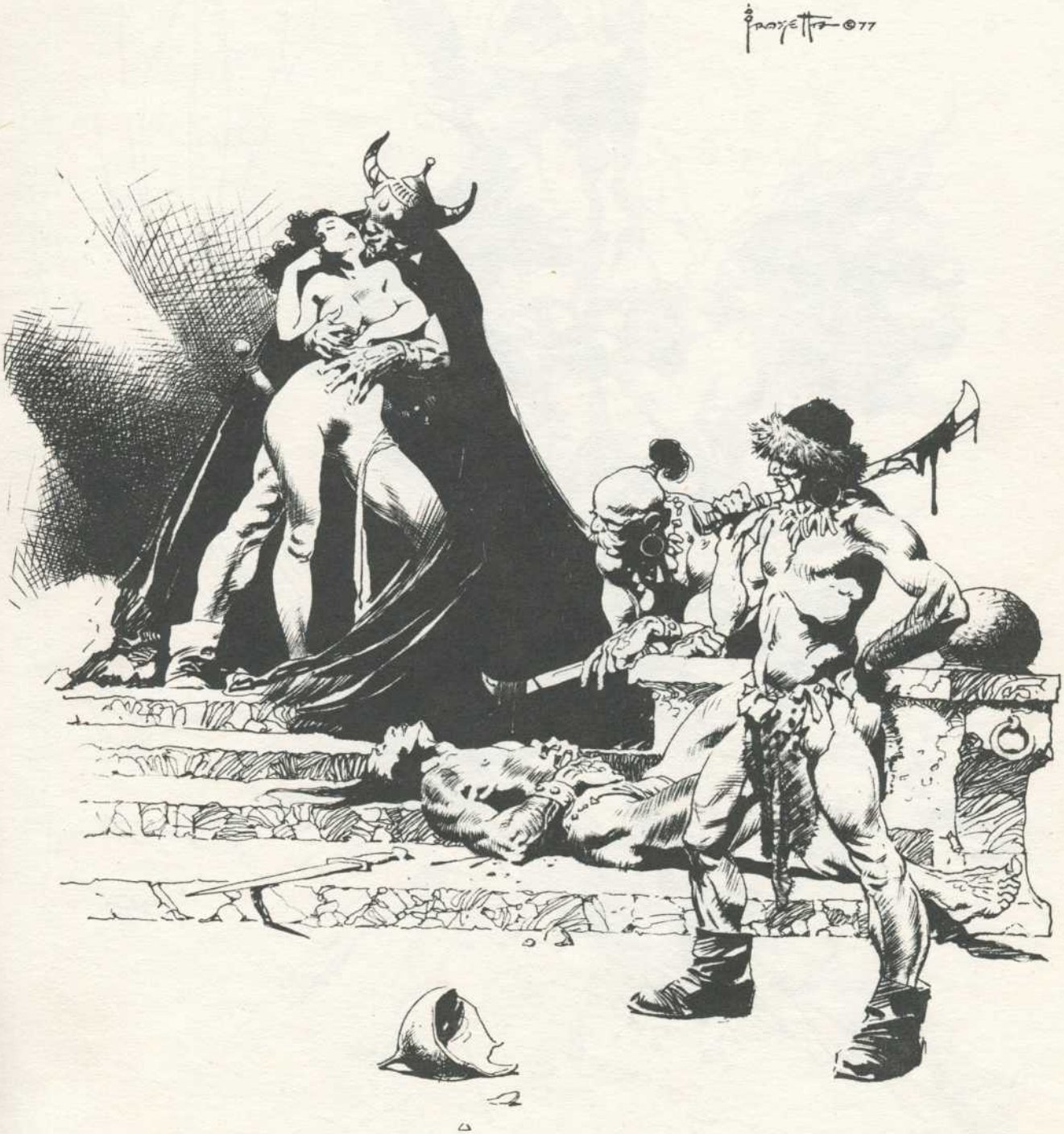
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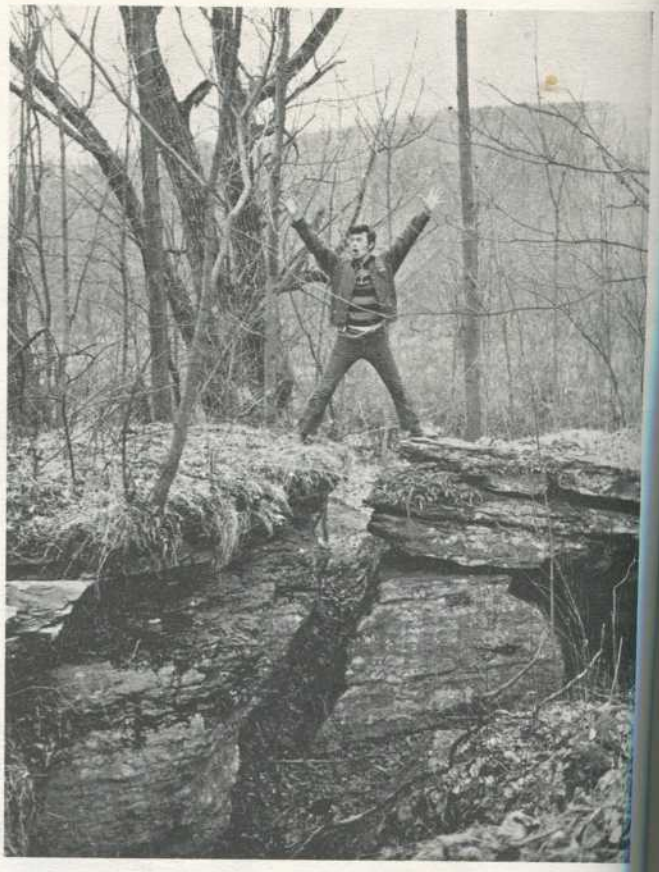
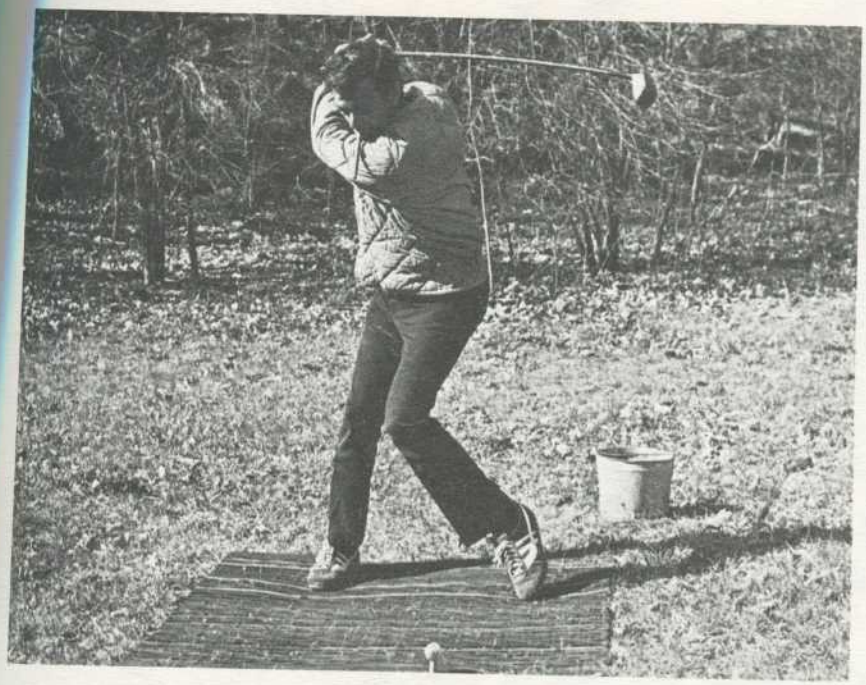


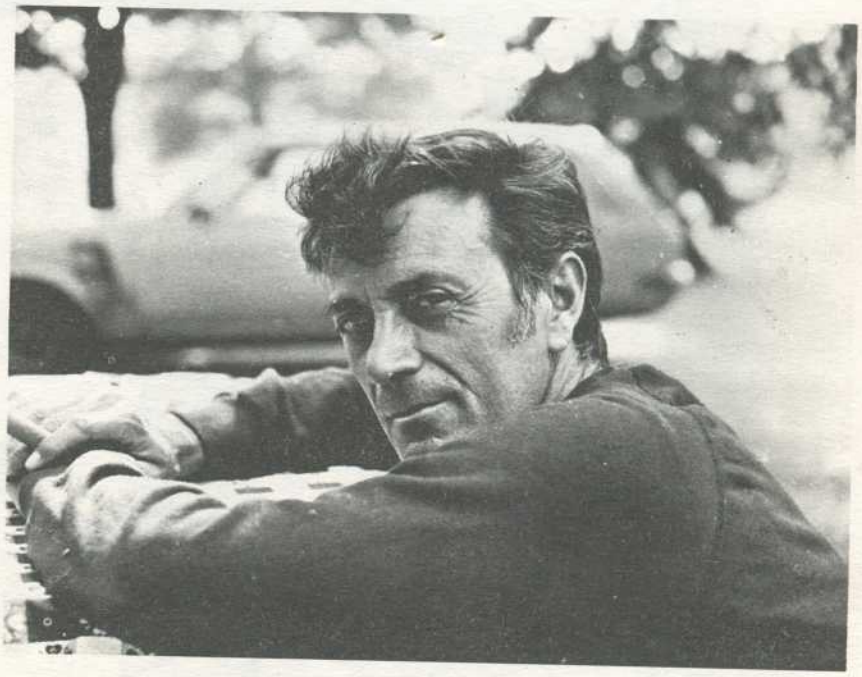
Hollywood celebrities are not strangers to the "Frazetta Magic." Clint Eastwood (who, by the way, some people say resembles Frank), visited Frank and commissioned him to do the poster art for his movie, "The Gauntlet."

Sylvester Stallone (Rocky), comes to spend the day as well as George Lucas (Star Wars). Lucas is a big Frazetta fan and collector, owing two Frazetta originals in his collection. And most recent, John and Bo Derek commissioned Frank to do their corporate logo, "Svengali."

Among the Hollywood names that have visited or contact Frank are the likes of Francis Ford Copolla, Marlon Brando, Sandra Loche, Dino De Laurentiis, Tom Laughlin, Patrick Duffy, Charleton Heston, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Orson Welles, Cher, Dick Clark, to name a few. In lieu of the many offers from Hollywood producers to become involved in filmmaking, Frank has finally consented to make the big move.

The year has just turned to 1981 and at the closing of this article, Frank and family have moved to Los Angeles and Hollywood to co-produce with Ralph Bakshi, an animated film, one that is sure to succeed.





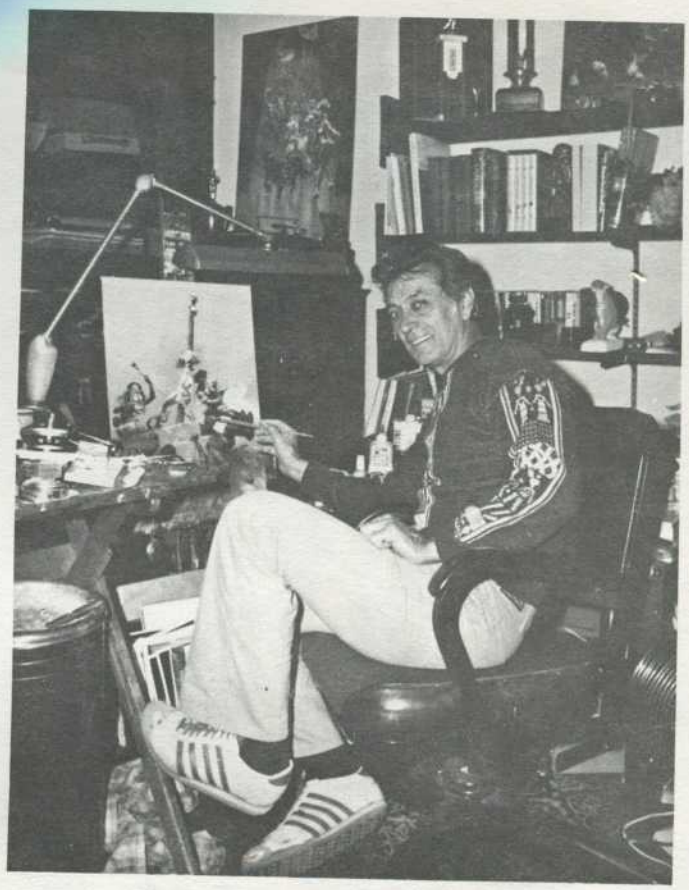
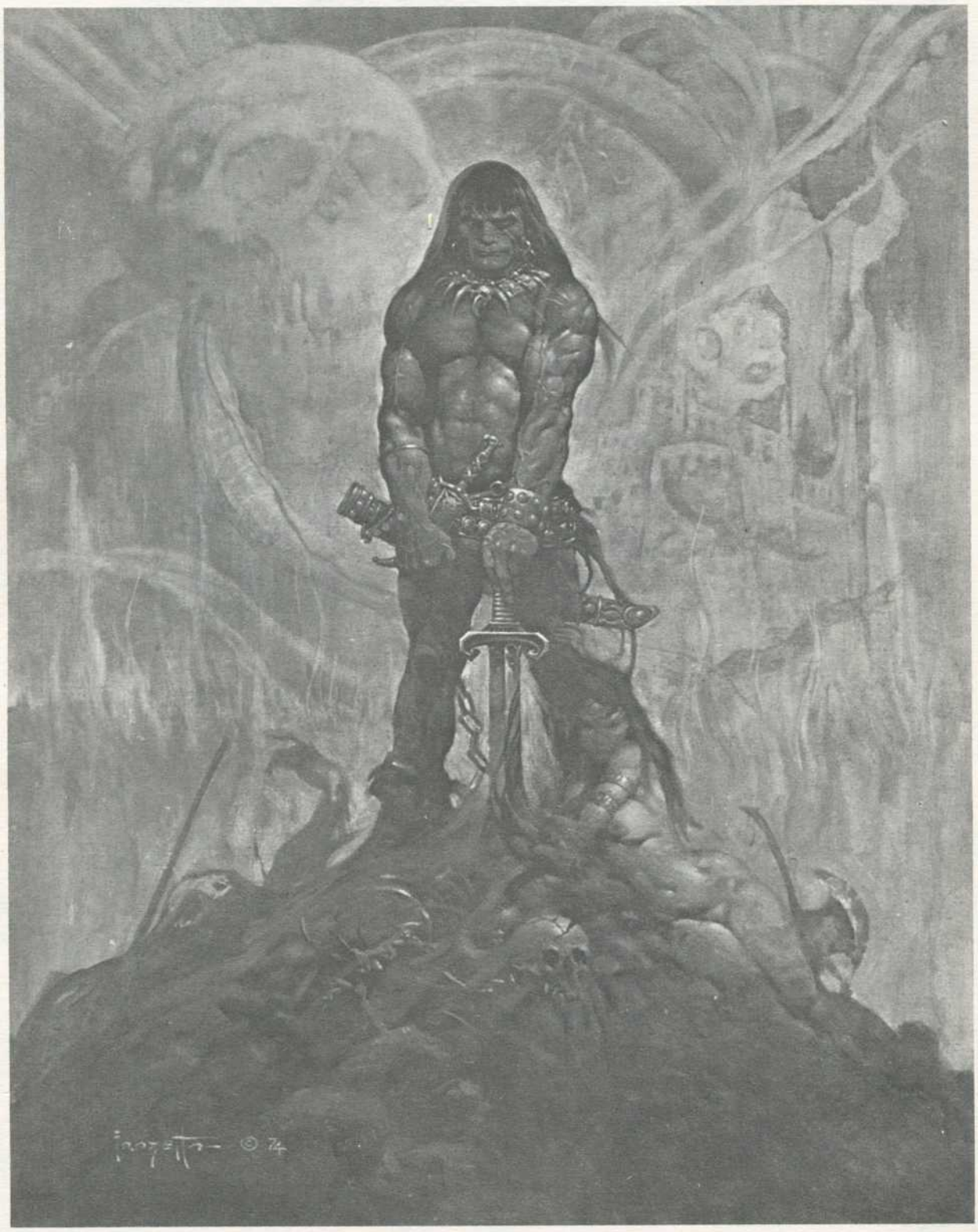
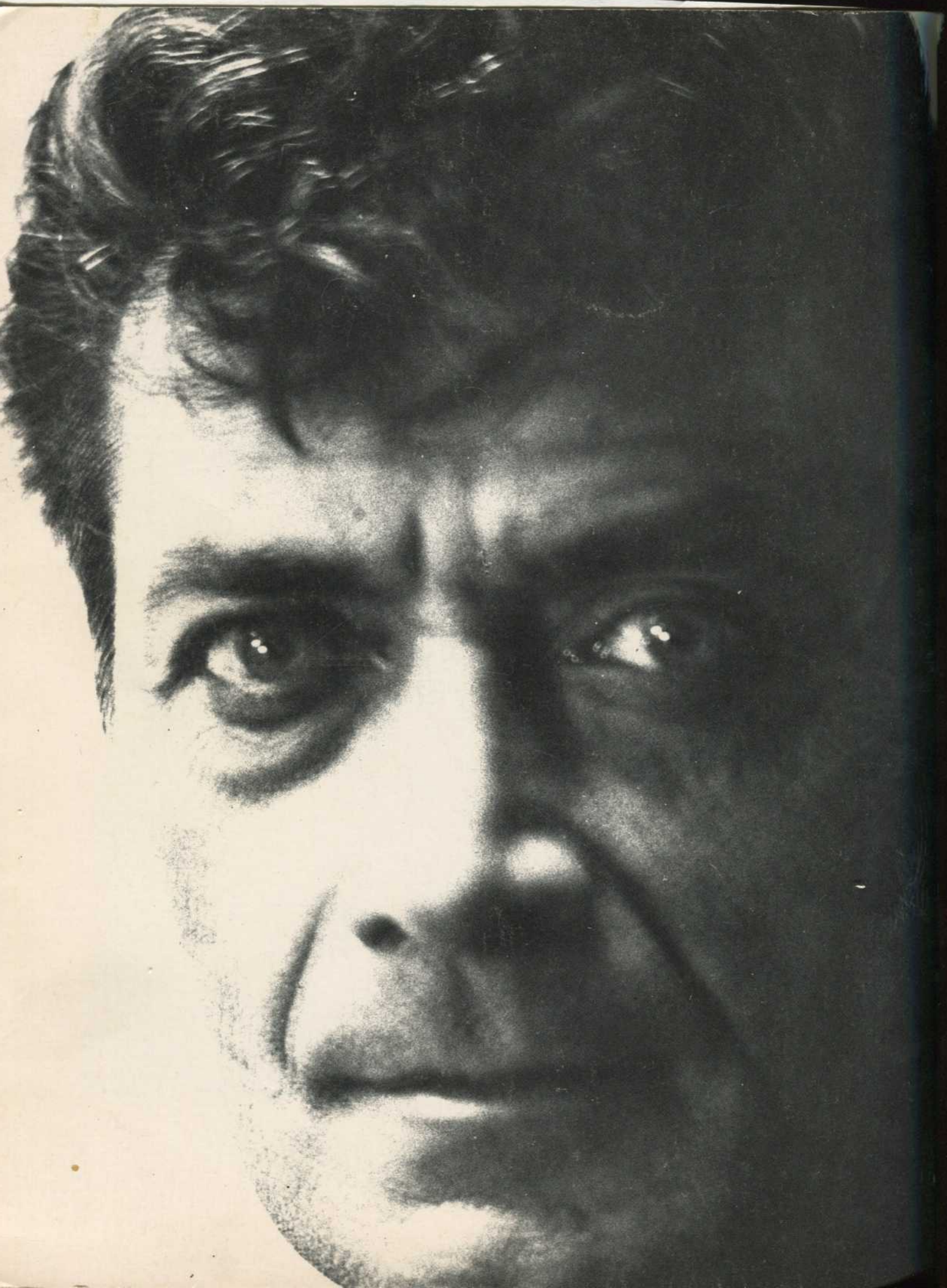
1979 — Frank and Heidi

September 15, 1980

Frank:

Isn't dreaming a beautiful way to go!

Bo ♥



Best Always
Frank Frazetta